

## Perfect Strangers by jcknwnng

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016), Tokyo Ghoul

**Genre:** Blood, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Multi, Stranger Things AU, Violence

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Amon Koutarou, Fueguchi Hinami, Kamishiro Rize, Kaneki Ken, Kaneki Ken's Aunt, Kanou Akihiro, Kirishima Ayato, Kirishima Touka, Kosaka Yoriko, Mado Akira, Mado Kureo, Nagachika Hideyoshi, Nishio Nishiki, Takatsuki Sen | Eto, Uta (Tokyo Ghoul), Yoshimura (Tokyo Ghoul)

**Relationships:** Kaneki Ken & Nagachika Hideyoshi, Kirishima Touka & Kosaka Yoriko

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**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

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**Summary:**

Strange things happen when children go missing.

# 1. Only Human

## Author's Note:

Hello n\_n

I've recently gotten into Stranger Things and wanted desperately to write an AU based on it. This is my first time writing HideKane so any comments and suggestions would be greatly appreciated!!

There may be new tags added to each update, and this fic will have quite a few triggers. I'll make sure any are addressed at the start of each chapter.

Mentions/References/Implied abuse is in this chapter.

Enjoy <3

“Kaneki.”

Kaneki? Who was Kaneki. He was Eleven.

“Kaneki~”

He didn't know a Kaneki. His name was Eleven. How many times did he have to go over that?

“Kaneki Ken~”

The words were drawn out and the tone of the voice stayed as light hearted as before. Eleven almost believed he knew who it belonged to. The familiarity sent sharp stings over his skin, like he'd been nettled.

“Kaneki, Kaneki, Kaneki!”

Each time he heard the voice, he believed he knew who it belonged to, and each time fresh stings spread across already sore skin. It hurt, and he wanted to yell out - he wanted to tell whoever was saying this

foreign name that they had to stop.

But he couldn't.

"Hey Kaneki, are you even listening to me? Kaneki Ken!"

Eleven screamed.

No sound left his lips, but the single light bulb - the only source of light in the cold room - exploded. Eleven closed his eyes tight as shards of glass fell into his hair, onto the table and the floor, leaving the room in darkness.

He didn't open his eyes until he heard the faint creak of the door. His senses slowly came back to him as his gaze fell on the source of the faint beeping beside him. He knew where he was - this room was familiar. He was in the institution, and this was another experiment.

"Fantastic, Eleven. You did so well. Let's go, son."

He knew that voice. That voice didn't make his skin ache. Kaneki glanced up at the aged man with the crinkled smile.

"Thank you, Doctor Kanou. Thank you."

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The walk back to his room was as quiet as usual. If it wasn't for the faint breathing of himself and Doctor Kanou, mixed with their footsteps on the concrete floor, it would be like the institution was empty.

Eleven knew it wasn't, for a fact. Behind each of the security doors they passed, was someone in the same situation as him. They were in the institution under different circumstances, he knew that much. Some had been abandoned by their parents from an early age, others were orphaned and some were 'problem children' who had been sold like livestock. Eleven didn't know what his story was and honestly, he didn't want to. All he knew was that Doctor Kanou thought he was special. Eleven simply thought he was misunderstood. There was no way a boy like him could be special.

They reached his room after what seemed like forever, and Kanou unlatched the metal door. "Good job today, you did well." He spoke softly as he pulled the door open to reveal Eleven's quarters. The room was small, just big enough to hold his bed. He'd heard it referred to as a cell, before, by some of the others. To Eleven, it was perfect. It was everything he needed.

"Thank you, Doctor." He felt nothing but appreciation towards the doctor right now but Eleven still found it difficult to know how much emotion he was allowed to use. One thing he had learnt in the six-almost-seven years he had been here was that the doctors saw emotion as a sign of rebellion.

Eleven stepped inside his room, and the door was slammed shut moments later. He listened to the footsteps fade, leaving him in silence and a dim light. "Thank you." He mumbled to himself as he fell heavily onto his bed. The springs complained while he shifted into a comfortable position, but Eleven welcomed the noise. Only once he was alone did he truly come to terms with how exhausted he was. His skin still felt sore, even though the stinging sensation had ended when he was disconnected from the machine. His muscles ached as though he'd worked out for ten hours straight. He knew it was down to how much he tensed during his therapy.

He didn't know when his mind finally switched off - he only knew that his final thought was about how much his body would heard the next morning.

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If there was one thing Kanou disliked more than rebellion from his experiments, it was uncooperative colleagues. Not that he would ever claim to have them - he was someone who preferred to 'work alone'. It was days like today when he realised just why that was.

"It's been almost seven years, Kanou. Surely there's a blip - Eleven isn't wholeheartedly giving in, so it's time to move on-"

Kanou held a finger up, stopping the other male's words.

"Eleven is malleable and clever. He is subconsciously clinging to the

one thing that keeps him remotely human, Yoshimura. It is our job to break that control.” He turned away from the older man, ignoring his protests. “If you continue to argue, I’ll have you removed from this institution.” The words were laced with threat, although Kanous tone didn’t change from his usual calm. Removed from the institution, and removed from existence.

“I shouldn’t have spoken out of turn, Doctor.”

Kanou waved him off, his entire attention turning to the sheet of glass in front of him, the only thing separating him from Eleven.

“I will break you, Kaneki Ken, if it’s the last thing I do.” He hissed to himself, clicking the play button on the surface in front of him.

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It never got easier. It never stopped hurting. Eleven would be kidding himself if he said the pain stopped after a while.

It didn’t stop.

It never stopped.

The pain had been seering at first. He couldn’t remember why it was different, probably because in the early years he’d actually known the person who owned the voice that was played over and over again. Three years later, hundreds of sessions of electrotherapy later, and the owner of the name became lost. Someone he had probably once known became nothing more than a tool to cause him pain. He hated whoever the voice belonged to, he hated them for making him hurt.

Eleven asked himself a lot of questions when he was alone. The most frequent was the typical ‘Why me?’. It was then often followed by questioning of who he was, who this Kaneki Ken guy was, who the voice belonged to and whether it meant something to him.

But even thinking about it hurt, like even in his mind, the replaying of the voice and the name was turning his body against him. Every inch of him burned, stung and ached. He’d think about it for a few hours, he’d take the pain, and then he would sleep.

This was his life for six years. He had accepted that it would never change.

Eleven had been escorted back to his room, and he sat cross legged in the middle of the floor. He had discarded his gown, the concrete floor offering comfort to his burning skin. Despite the feeling of red hot, he was pale. Paler than he'd been when he was brought to the institution. His skin against Kanous was like milk against a strong tea. He wondered whether that was a side effect of therapy, or the lack of exposure to the sun. He'd forgotten what that looked like, the sun. He couldn't remember how flowers looked or how grass felt beneath his feet.

The only blemishes he had right now were pink scars on his temples and yellowing bruises on his arms and legs from when he'd refused to use his 'tricks' on a cat instead of a light bulb.

Eleven tried his hardest to obey - he tried to make Kanou proud of him. But he couldn't kill an animal in cold blood. That was just downright horrific. He'd take the beating and the shocks before he went against his morals. Kanou would always try, he'd always get Eleven at his weakest moment. It never worked, thankfully, Eleven was always strong enough to deny him.

The punches didn't hurt anymore, anyway. The blood brought to the surface by Kanous men was always washed away before he returned to his room, and a fresh gown was given, suitable for sleeping. These little things were gestures of Kanous good will.

Even through the abuse, Eleven loved him. He loved the man who could look upon him with admiration and disappointment in the same blink. He loved the man who called him special and son and prodigy. From what Eleven could remember about life outside of the institution, these were all compliments. How could Eleven hate a man who put a roof over his head? Each night he would return to his cell, either praised and loved or beaten and bruised. And every night, Eleven would forgive Kanou for what he had put his special son through.

*"We do everything for a reason here, Eleven. Follow the rules and you will be rewarded. Only you can control that."* Kanou had always said to him. He couldn't blame Kanou for something that was his own fault.

That was unfair, and he'd been raised differently.

He let out a defeated sigh as he leaned forward, pressing his chest against the cold floor and inhaling sharply at the contact. Eleven closed his eyes tightly. Tomorrow would be another day. He hoped he didn't have to go through it again, that it would be someone else's turn tomorrow. It was a harsh thought which he instantly retracted from his mind. No. He had to take whatever was thrown at him. Eleven pushed himself up from the floor, stretching with a pained groan before dropping down onto his bed. He pulled the covers around his body, hugging the scratchy material to his skin.

Tomorrow would be another day. And he would take it like he took every other.

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“Are you joking?! You're definitely cheating!”

There was a slam as the legs of a chair made contact with tile flooring, followed by the squeak of shoes and the scraping of a table pushed too hard.

“I didn't. I don't know why you play, you always lose, Hide.”

Despite his protests, Hide wore a wide grin. It made his eyes crinkle at the corners and forced out two dimples by his cheeks. He looked wild, his hair in dire need of a cut and a dye, dark brown roots showing, contrasting against his blonde hair.

“Because, my dear Amon, one day I will win, and when that day comes...” He stood up, placing his hands on his hips. “I'm going to be the Most Sought After man in the 20th ward.”

Amon began to collect the playing cards from the table, tapping the deck together with an amused grin.

“Don't you mean Most Wanted Delivery Boy? Best get a move on.” The last line was said sternly, although Amon's voice was still playful.

Hide sighed, dropping his hands by his side. “You're right. I should

head off. But this isn't over! Tomorrow, you will lose. When I win, you will call me the Boss.”

He pulled on his jacket and draped his delivery bag over his shoulder.

“Later Amon! Say hello to the old man for me, won't ya?” He called as he left the office, almost bouncing towards his bicycle. Hide adjusted his bag and then climbed onto his bike, pushing himself forward and away from the office.

He enjoyed his job, for the most part. Amon was easy to get along with and the rest of the department kept to themselves. The only person who mildly creeped him out was the Deputy - Mado. Brilliant in all he did, that was for sure. Brilliant, and terrifying. Hide knew he was probably the best man for the job, the one with the most motivation to figure out the nature of the disappearances. As long as that continued to be his main goal then Hide would respect him.

It didn't take him too long to deliver the parcel, a quick trip to a guy who went by MM. Hide didn't know what was in the package, just that it was to do with some private investigation. He was curious, but Amon had once told him it would only get him into trouble should he ask questions. So he resisted.

Parcel left with MM's assistant and Hide was free to do as he pleased for the remainder of the day. His first stop was the University. He arrived and locked his bike to his usual place and adjusted his bag as he walked towards the students notice board.

His eyes scanned the new posters - no additional posters had been added since last week - except for one badly made on about some house party. His gaze fell on the poster he'd put up when he was last here. He let out a deep sigh and raised his hands to pull at the corner of it. He removed it with ease, folding it up delicately and placing it into his bag. Hide took out a fresh one which was neatly rolled and tied with an elastic band.

He held it up against the board, hands smoothing out the creases as he pinned it against the wooden sheet. He stepped back once all four pins were holding it in place, eyes drifting over the big letters, stopping when he reached the picture.



The boy in the picture was smiling, still young - still 13 years old. But Hide hoped he hadn't changed much in six years - he tried to push all thoughts of how that was wishful thinking to the back of his mind. Hide bit at his lip, fastening his bag and sticking his hands into his pockets.

“I will find you, Kaneki Ken. I made you a promise.”

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Hides alarm was unwelcome. It was always unwelcome, but there was something about today which made it even more disliked. He tossed and turned for twenty minutes before finally dragging himself out of bed. He had class today - three hours of listening to his teacher talk about how to deconstruct diverse media narratives when talking about major global divides and issues. Hide loved his major, but some days even he didn't want to deal with being talked at.

This week was tougher than most. It was the week he'd be painfully reminded that his best friend was still missing. Nobody else remember but Hide never forgot. He would continue to follow his routine, the same he'd done each year for the past 6 of them. This was the 7th year that Kaneki Ken had been missing.

Hide showered and dressed with little rush, carefully deciding on an outfit which was both mournful and still hit his bright quota. He'd been keeping up appearances far too long to give it up now.

His first stop would be the grocery store to purchase the burgers he knew Kaneki loved. His second stop would be the flower shop to add yet another plastic daisy to the gritty memorial Kaneki's aunt had made. He'd do his three hours at school, taking double the notes for when Kaneki returned, and then he'd visit the memorial to place the flower he'd bought previously. Dinner would be the burger, despite Hide's distaste for them - it was once a year so he dealt with it. The final act for Hide would be to replace the poster on the school notice board.

“Hideyoshi?”

He hadn't expected his thoughts to be interrupted, too lost in the

what ifs and the buts to realise he wasn't the only person around. He took in the person who had joined him. Her hair was half hiding her face, and her expression was unreadable. But he knew who she was and where she came from. He knew the rumours about her.

"Kirishima, right?"

"Touka, please."

"Oh, sorry! Call me Hide, Hideyoshi is too formal!"

"Hide." She repeated, stuffing her hands almost angrily into her pockets. Touka, from what he'd heard, suffered with a bad temper. There were rumours that said she'd once punched a guy for looking at her 'the wrong way'. While Hide was sure she was capable of it, she didn't strike him as the type to lash out unnecessarily. But then he'd been wrong before.

"So Touka! What brings you here on this wonderful eve?" It wasn't his usual happy tone but it was all he could muster at this point. Touka didn't bite anyway, glancing at him with a confused raise of her eyebrow.

"Same as you." She said simply, nodding towards the notice board. Next to his large print of Kaneki was a smaller poster. The male on it looked like her, only he was smiling - smirking? Hide knew him, he'd seen the news stories about a year before Kaneki went missing. Ayato Kirishima was Touka's brother. And he was missing too. "I thought maybe this year it would be better. Judging by your face so did you."

"I think that every year." Hide mused, linking his fingers together as he glanced from the posters to Touka. "Every year it gets worse and I think I might lose hope and give in." He admitted, a nervous chuckle escaping him. "But then I remember who I am! And Kaneki needs me, I made him a promise and what sort of a person would I be if I broke that without a valid reason?"

"A normal one." She didn't miss a beat as she replied, only half paying attention as she gathered her bag. "Look around, Hideyoshi. We're the only ones who still care." She didn't say another word as she began to walk away.

She was right, though. It had taken everyone else less than a year to forget about Ayato and Kaneki. He knew the force weren't searching, they'd given up hope. Kaneki had been the last one to disappear - they'd gone seven years without another missing child. It didn't matter anymore.

He frowned as he gathered his own things, making sure the old poster was stuffed into his bag before he fastened it. He mounted his bike, setting off home. Everyone else had forgotten. But Hide couldn't - he'd hate himself if he ever gave up.

## 2. Three

### Notes for the Chapter:

Includes implied abuse and also someone gets their head crushed. (though it's not gory)

The conversation he'd had with Touka had been on his mind all night.

People had forgotten about his best friend, about Touka's brother - how could they do that? How could someone wake up one day and decide that they weren't going to care about a child who disappeared without a trace? How did they live with themselves? Granted, they didn't know Kaneki like he did, or Ayato like Touka did, but it still didn't sit right with him.

Losing Kaneki had been one of the most difficult things Hide had ever dealt with. He'd held Kaneki's hand when he'd fallen over and he'd kissed the cuts and bruises that Kaneki always seemed to come to school with without asking awkward questions. Hide knew everything about Kaneki Ken but everyone else just saw another face to add to the wall of young tragedies. It pissed Hide off the more he thought about it. How could people be so selfish?

"Hide, you don't seem very focused today." Amon's voice was warm but concerned, and it made Hide put his cards face down onto the table. He offered a smile, waving it off.

"Just a bad hand! Lady Luck isn't on my side today so I think I'll call it quits, buddy. I've got a test to study for, anyway." He stood up abruptly, grabbing his bag and making a beeline for the door. "Catch you tomorrow!" Were his parting words before he left.

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Amon watched the door with a frown, not wholeheartedly believing that was the reason Hide was unfocused. He'd had bad hands before but had always taken the loss on the chin - he was probably the best loser Amon had ever seen.

“He had a straight flush, Amon.”

Amon turned his attention to his deputy who had taken the seat once occupied by Hide. He raised his brow, taking the cards which were offered to him. Sure enough, Hide's 'bad hand' was the best you could get in a poker game.

“It was Kaneki's seventh year yesterday,” the older man continued, busying himself with clearing away the rest of the cards. “I'd say he was on to something.” The familiar smirk which spread across Mado's lips sent shivers down Amon's spine. He often forgot how much the loss of Hide's best friend affected the usually bright young man. Any mention of the disappearances left a bitter taste in Amon's mouth. A new child for a new year, no correlation of ages or links between family or interests. Well, that was a lie. The only link was that each child missing had deceased parents.

The only exception to that rule had been Akira. His deputy's daughter.

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*“This is Itori reporting from the 20th ward. Today we confirmed that fourteen year old Kaneki Ken has gone missing. His aunt has asked that we do not trouble the family at this difficult time. However we have Chief of Police, Amon Koutarou, with us today - Amon, this case comes exactly a year after Kirishima Ayato's disappearance. Are these disappearances linked?”*

*Amon was still young - he had only become Chief a year prior to this, when Ayato had been taken. It had been tough to grasp at first, but he'd somehow managed.*

*“Thank you, Itori. At this moment in time we are unsure whether Kaneki's case and Kirishima's are linked but we have our best team on this. We hope to have made a breakthrough in the coming weeks. Until then, we encourage viewers, where they can, to join us in search parties and campaigning. And if anyone has any information, whether they believe it to be valuable or not, please get in touch with the department as soon as possible.”*

*It was rehearsed and felt bitter on Amon's tongue. He'd released exactly he same statement last year, only the names were different. It wasn't right - he had to do something to fix this.*

*"Thank you. That's all from us, back to the studio."*

--

Eleven. Eleven. Eleven.

He was eleven. He had been Eleven for six- seven years now.

"Eleven, are you watching?"

He turned his head, gaze falling on the sheet of glass in front of him and the doctor. It was surreal - he was usually the one behind the glass, being watched, not the one with the view. He nodded curtly.

He wasn't sure who it was in the room. He knew it was one of the other kids from the institution, but he'd never met her.

She was distinguished by her bright green hair which fell messily in her face. It wasn't healthy hair - clearly damaged from the lack of self care they were allowed in the institution. However, she wore it well, like anything other than those knotted locks would be out of place. Her face was small and smiley - not warm, but as though it was permanently stitched to her tired face. There were thick rimmed glasses hiding her eyes, but he could still see the same pain he felt in his own.

"Three will demonstrate what you fail to do every session." Kanou's voice was booming today - Eleven felt a migraine coming on.

Kanou's words dissolved into a distorted recording and the word 'Eto' was repeated over and over. The urgency in the voice on the tape made Kaneki panic, whoever was shouting 'Eto' seemed like they really wanted her. It was painful to watch it didn't seem to bother Three. - Eleven wondered what he looked like when he fought against his recording, against the voice who he desperately wanted to silence.

He didn't know how long he'd been watching when there was a blood

curdling scream. Eleven's eyes widened, staring at Three. But she hadn't moved, the scream wasn't hers. Eleven felt pressure in his chest as he frantically scanned the rest of the room. Only now did that there had been another man in the room with them. Had been, considering he was now laying flat on the table, his head looking scarily like someone had just hit him over it with a baseball bat.

"That, Eleven, is what you are created for."

Eleven cried. How could he do *that*?

Once he was locked back in his room, he silently begged whoever was listening, that Three would end him the same way she had ended that man.

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*"Happy birthday Kaneki!"*

*Hide was grinning from ear to ear as he watched his best friend blush deep red. He had never been one for people making a fuss, always choosing a book to read over a night out at a restaurant. To be fair, though, it wasn't like Kaneki was surrounded by people begging to be his friend. Hide knew he preferred it that way, but it was still sad. Hide had latched onto Kaneki from an early age - and it only made sense that he'd interrupt his best friend on his thirteenth birthday. Newly formed teenagers didn't simply study on their big day.*

*Hide gently pulled the open book away from Kaneki's hands, closing it after marking the page. "Come on! There's a swing set with your name on it."*

*"Hide, I can't." He half heartedly reached for his book, which Hide pulled out of his way.*

*"I'll have you back before she's home. I promise." He crossed his heart - and that was all it took. Kaneki's lips pulled into a small smile as he got to his feet. Hide placed the book onto his desk, grabbing Kaneki's hand and pulling him out of the house before he could change his mind.*

*"Hide, shoes!"*

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*"Okay so, would you rather have three hands or six feet?"*

*They'd been laying on the grass next to the park for a good hour, making shapes in the clouds and talking about ridiculous things. Hide felt Kaneki laugh, rather than heard him. He turned his head to face his friend, smiling in response.*

*"I suppose three hands is good for getting things done - but six feet? That balance!" The words left Kaneki's lips and were followed by a laugh. Hide liked these moments, the times when Kaneki forgot himself and allowed himself to have fun. "Probably three hands."*

*"Huh, I'd choose the six feet. Think about how fast you could run."*

*"Ah but Hide, you didn't say anything about legs."*

*Hide sat up, staring at Kaneki, who was still very much pleased with himself and shaking with laughter. It was impossible to hold his fake stern expression and hide burst into laughter with him.*

*"You're right."*

*"Sometimes." Kaneki smiled.*

*Hide bit at his lip, shifting his body slightly so he could see Kaneki better.*

*"Hey Kaneki--"*

*"Kaneki Ken. Where are you? Don't think you can hide from me!"*

~

Hide jolted upright. He pushed the blankets away from him as quickly as he could, the cool air which wrapped around his body comforting. He hadn't had a dream about Kaneki for a little while. But he did remember *that day* like it had happened yesterday. It was the last birthday he spent with Kaneki, he'd already disappeared on his fourteenth.

Kaneki's aunt, Asaoka, was a terrifying woman. She looked frail and



innocent, but even in his dreams her voice was still as cold and fearful as he remembered it. He glanced at his alarm clock, frowning at the bright red numbers. It was 3:26am - he didn't have to be up for another 3 hours.

Hide dropped back onto his pillow, closing his eyes tight as he thought about where Kaneki could be and whether he was alive right now. It wasn't good for him to think like that but how could he not? He was trained to think about the worse case scenario. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't spent the first year coming up with silly stories about how Kaneki's aunt had probably disposed of him somehow. She was good at acting - she could convince the police that Kaneki was missing.

But after the first year and the similar stories, Hide soon realised that he was being ridiculous. As vicious as Asaoka was, she didn't care enough about Kaneki to even put effort into killing him and cleaning up the mess. Plus, his story fit in too well with Ayato and the others who had gone missing. Even though the Police had said it wasn't linked at first.

Hide opened his eyes and sat back up, giving up on even attempting to sleep now. There was no point forcing what wasn't going to come. He switched on his lamp and climbed out of bed. The only thing he could think of to calm him down now were the clippings of newspapers he'd cut out years ago. The headlines for all of the previous disappearances. He pulled the folder from his bookshelf and let it fall heavily on his desk, following suit and dropping onto the chair.

He turned the first page, fingers running over the creased scraps of paper which held the dark headlines released at every point since the first disappearance. The first had been just over seventeen years ago. He glanced at the picture of the young girl who had been taken. She was only 10 at the time.

Rize Kamishiro was a clever girl - someone who always got the highest grades in school and had friends in every corner. In the picture taken for the newspaper, she wore her hair in a messy bun, too-big glasses hiding her eyes. She was smiling widely, as she should be for a ten year old. The article highlighted how she was an orphan -

her parents had died when she was about three years old and she'd had no other family to take care of her. She went missing weeks before her eleventh birthday. The search parties for her had been huge - Hide remembered as he looked over the other articles - but had only lasted a few months before she was forgotten. The ward was stirred - it had been the first time something like this had happened. As soon as peace was restored, though, they went back to their lives. After all, she was just an orphan.

But Hide hadn't forgotten - how could he? Ten year olds just didn't disappear. They didn't fall off the face of the earth, even if they had no ties to it.

So he'd collected the clippings. He'd only been 4 at the time she'd disappeared, but his mother had always been very open with answering the questions. As he'd grown up, more children had gone missing. Just over a year after Rize, Uta Sakurai had gone missing. He was older than Rize had been - nearing his sixteenth birthday. Uta had been brought up in foster care, though it was unclear what had happened to his parents. Third had been Eto Yoshimura - little had been released about her, mainly because nobody knew who she was.

Hide stopped flipping the pages of the book, his hand resting on top of the face of the Fourth and Fifth disappearance. One year, it had been twins. Nashiro and Kurona Yasuhisa. They were the youngest, as six years old. They'd lost both their parents in some kind of freak accident, and went missing two months after they were put into the orphanage. Hide was almost 9 - and that was when his mother had started to shield him from the news. He took a deep breath before closing the book.

Hide had hoped for stress relief, but all he felt was anger.